

Birthday Submission

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Birthday Submission

Copyright© 2016 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

Erica entered the house – exhausted after nearly thirteen hours at the clinic. Kicking off her heels, she dropped her purse on the stand. “Thank god it’s Friday,” she exhaled, walking across the living room towards the kitchen. “What’s this?” she said staring at a closed laptop that was sitting on the table with a folded piece of paper laying on top. Curious, she picked up the paper and began reading.

Erica,

Today is a very special day. Not only is it April first, but it is also your forty-first birthday. 4/1, 41. Something like this only comes around once in a lifetime so I thought I would do something a little crazy for your special day. Open the laptop and listen very carefully to the instructions given.

Sitting the letter on the table, Erica opened the laptop and was about to hit the power button when she realized it was already on. Thinking it was in sleep mode due to the black screen, she moved her index finger across the touchpad, but nothing happened.

“The computer is fine, Erica,” A distorted, heavily modified voice came out of the speakers. Causing her to jump and look around. “Don’t bother looking around. You cannot see me, but I can definitely see you. Don’t believe me? You’re wearing a black skirt and white blouse and you kicked your heels off at the front door. First things first, happy birthday.”

“Um, thanks. Who are you?”

“You’ll find out in due time if you are a good birthday girl. I have it on good authority that you pride yourself on being kinky. I like kinky. I have three tasks for you to complete before we get to the juicy event. First, you can’t have a birthday without the birthday spanking. That being said, strip out of your clothes and go up to your bedroom. There, you’ll find the first of your presents. Open it and use it.”

“Excuse me? I’m not stripping for some pervert I don’t even know! Sorry buddy, but I’m turning this thing off right now.”

“That would be the biggest mistake of your life, Erica. Trust me, I know what you like and I know what you’ve been up to after hours in the examination rooms of your clinic. I hate to resort to blackmail, but you leave me no choice. Strip naked, go to your bedroom and open the present I left for you on the bed, or your little secret gets exposed.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Erica lied. “The only thing going on in the exam rooms are exams!”

“Oh, I know all too well the way you examined Amelia last week. I know how you wrecked her pussy and asshole with your fists. Don’t look so scared. Do as you are told and I promise this’ll be a night you’ll never forget. Now get your ass in gear. The night isn’t getting any younger and we still have a lot of ground to cover.”

“How do I know you won’t let my secret slip anyways?”

“You’ll just have to trust me. After all, unlike you I haven’t told anyone about it.”

More furious than excited, Erica slowly stripped out of her skirt, blouse, bra and panties and then turned to leave the kitchen. As she reached the living room she heard the voice once again come from the laptop.

“God, you’ve got the sexiest ass I’ve ever seen!”

In her bedroom, Erica spotted a long, narrow box wrapped in festive paper and a big red bow. Picking it up, she forewent her usual weighing and shaking to figure out what it might be, and instead ripped it open – tossing ribbon, bow and paper on the floor. Lifting the top off, she saw a leather paddle. “What the fuck? They can’t seriously expect me to use this on myself!” she exclaimed, sitting the box on the bed and going back to the kitchen.

“I believe I told you to use your gift.”

“You expect me to paddle myself?”

“That’s exactly what I expect you to do. Now go back to your room, bend that sexy ass over the bed and give yourself forty-one of the hardest swats you can muster. And take me with you. If I see you holding back it will not count and you’ll have to start over from the beginning so, unless you’re a masochist I’d get it right the first time.”

“I can’t believe this is happening to me,” Erica said as she unplugged the laptop and carried it to the bedroom. “Why me?”

“Because you’re a sexy birthday girl in desperate need of some kinky fun. Sit me on the dresser and bend over the bed so I can see every swat. And remember, if I don’t hear that paddle slapping hard on your ass you’ll start over from the beginning until you get it right.”

Doing as she was commanded – the excitement slowly creeping up her spine, Erica sat the laptop on the dresser and then bent over the bed with paddle in hand. Looking back over her shoulder, she drew her arm up and then brought it down hard on the right cheek. “Aghh! One!”

“Mmmm, that’s it you dirty little slut, paddle that ass,” the mystery tormentor moaned.

WHACK! “Two!” WHACK! “Three!” WHACK! “Four.” WHACK! “Five,” Erica spanked her ass and counted – the right cheek now turning red. WHACK! “Six!”

“Four more on the right and then do ten on the left, “the tormentor commanded. “Alternate back and forth ten at a time.”

WHACK! “God damn son of a bitch!” Erica screeched as the paddle stung hard. WHACK! “Seven.”

“Wrong. That was actually eight. You fucked up and you know what that means. Start over at one.”

“Bullshit! You can’t expect me to get it right the first time. Give me a second chance!”

“Alright, I’ll give you a second chance. That is number eight. Two more on the right, ten on the left and then you will swat your breasts ten times and your pussy eleven.”

“WHAT!?”

“You wanted a second chance and this is it. Now get to swatting or I’ll add a hundred more.”

“I so fucking hate you!”

“No you don’t. If you did you wouldn’t be bent over the bed spanking your own ass like a good little whore.”

WHACK! “Nine.” WHACK! “Ten”

Switching hands, Erica gave herself ten hard swats on her left ass cheek – both now as red as beets and feeling like they were on fire. Getting to her feet, she stared at the laptop pleadingly. “Please don’t make me swat my tits and pussy.”

“You have five seconds to get started or I’m adding another hundred. One...two...”

WHACK! “God damn motherfucking son of a bitch! ONE!” Erica bellowed in agony as the paddle smashed into her breasts.

“Oohhh, that looked painful,” said the tormentor. “Keep going, slut. Paddle those tits! Show me what a kinky pain Slut you really are. Say it after every swat.”

WHACK! “Two! I...I’m a k-kinky little p-painslut!” Erica said through clenched teeth.
“FUCK YEAH! That is so god damn hot! Again!”

WHACK! “Three! I’m a-a-a kinky painslut!”

WHACK! “FOUR! God damn it that hurts! I...uuhhnnn...I’m a k-kinky painslut.

WHACK! “Five. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Six. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Seven. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Eight. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Nine. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Ten. I’m a kinky painslut.”

“Those are the reddest and sexiest fucking tits I’ve ever seen. Before you paddle your loose cunt I want you to suck your nipples for me. Go on, give them a good, long sucking. That’s it,” the tormentor added when Erica cupped her sore right breast, lowered her head and began sucking her own nipple. “Now the other,” they said after about a minute. “Mmmm, look at that hard nipple. I bet your clit gets equally as hard after you paddle it. What are you, Erica?”

“I’m a kinky little painslut,” Erica answered as if rote – the words sending a sensation of humiliation and excitement from her brain down her spine and straight to her clit.

“That’s right you are. Now give your pussy the last eleven swats. This time, however, after you count I want you to say: Pain is my only joy.”

WHACK! “ONE! P-P-Pain is m-my only joy!” Erica screeched as the paddle landed hard against her pussy.

WHACK! “Aahhgghhh! T-Two! Oh my fucking god! Pain is...p-pain is my only joy.”

WHACK! “Three. Pianismyonlyjoy!” she said as one long word as he knees buckled and she went to the floor – her entire body shaking not only in pain, but pleasure as pussy juices squirted out more than three feet. Slamming her fists into the floor, she could not stop the floor as she experienced several aftershocks that left her seeing spots.

“Very fucking hot!” The tormentor exclaimed. “Grab the paddle, roll over, spread your legs and keep on paddling you kinky painslut!”

WHACK! “Four!” Pain is my only joy.”

“YES! That’s it!”

WHACK! “Five. Pain is my...ONLY JOY!” she once again orgasmed – pussy juices squirting out like a fountain even as the next swat landed.

WHACK! “Six. Pain is my only joy!”

WHACK! “Seven. Pain is my only joy!”

WHACK! “EIGHT! PAIN IS MY ONLY JOY!” She screamed as the paddle bit hard into her engorged clit sending mixed signals of pain and pleasure to her already addled brain.

WHACK! “Nine. Pain is my only joy.”

WHACK! “Ten. Pain is my only joy.”

“WAIT!” The tormentor said as Erica drew her arm back to give herself the last swat.
“Tell me, slut, is pain your only joy?”

“Y-Yes,” Erica replied, not thinking straight.”